

FORD TIMES

JANUARY 1980

LAKE PLACID
The Olympic Village





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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

January 1980, Vol. 73, No. 1

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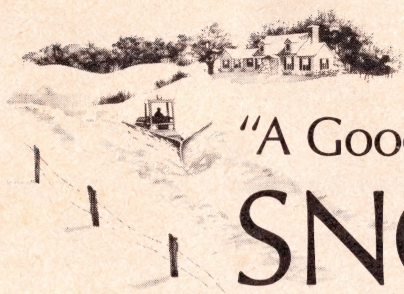
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Cover: The XIII Olympic Winter Games open next month at Lake Placid, New York. Michael E. Maattala's story about the host town and the Games begins on page 16. Illustration by Cecile R. Johnson.



"A Good Foot of SNOW"

by Donald Hall

illustrations by Glenn MacNutt

CHRISTMAS DAY, SNOW started before dawn. In the blackness of 5 a.m., we heard the snowplow rumble north and rumble south, shaking the oak sills of our farmhouse, comforting us in our beds. All winter plows make cold thunder: up . . . down . . . up . . . down. Sometimes the vibration wakes us, and we roll over, under heaped blankets, snugly aware of where we are; sometimes I rise, add wood to the fires banked in our cast-iron stoves, flip on the porchlight to see our driveway's accumulation and wait for the plow to turn and return. In the distance, like a freight train 30 years ago, the grunt and shudder begins, then the bright headlights illuminate snow; then, in a tidal wave of thrust whiteness, great coils of dazzle fly gutterwards, almost hiding the dark body of the truck; and in the upward

light, snow falls as thick as cloth.

Christmas day at 5 o'clock, the plow's shudder waked 6-year-olds up and down U.S. Highway 4, to stretch and remember suddenly what *day* it was, to turn on a bedroom light and look for a full stocking. And the sea captains of the snow, great plowers over the road, never reached home until nighttime — cold turkey and stuffing among crabby children, toys already breaking — for the snow kept up all day until night returned at 5 in the afternoon. All day the party lines trilled up and down the countryside, distant relatives deciding to postpone long trips, close brothers and sisters reassuring each other that roads were fine, driveways dug out. All day the bright sky flaked white against the dark pines climbing Ragged Mountain behind us. All Christmas Day the





snow mounted on barn roof, bird-feeder, and useless mailbox. All day we gazed at the white world: By night-fall the radio told us: We had accumulated 18 inches of snow.

Snow turns us back 200 years. When the plow disappears down the road, the road sinks out of sight between the whiteness of ditches and fields. Bright stillness thick with flakes hovers on tree and barn, hill, pond and meadow. I stand in the white doorway, in front of the still house, squinting to take the country back before highways, trains and snowplows. For a moment I live in the land of my great-grandfather, who named this place Eagle Pond Farm after the great bird that swooped over the lake now frozen and covered with

snow. It would be a lake anywhere else; only New Hampshire understatement calls 50 acres of water a pond.

Then a pickup crushes ahead over the plowed Route 4, carrying someone home for Christmas.

When my mother waked, visiting us for Christmas, she remembered snows of her childhood in this house, and how my grandfather paid town taxes by smoothing the snow along Route 4.

Behind a team of horses he pulled rollers of heavy logs over the snow drifted into the narrow dirt highway from the Danbury line past our house to the Andover line by Aunt Nannie's cottage a hundred yards south, and on his packed surface the sledges and

sleighs were free to spank their way.

Famous snows are remembered for generations. My grandfather used to tell about the blizzard of '88, and of walking along the next day on the tops of fenceposts. Then in 1932, late in April, there was the blue snow? Blue? Yes, it was *blue*. No, there was no blue pollen in the air; no, no one had been celebrating; no, no, no. And everyone who remembers agrees, and no one can explain, but late in April 1932, that was the time of the *blue snow*.

All Christmas day we looked for Forrest to come and plow us out. He is my big cousin, contractor and carpenter and winter plowman, who does the ski slope on Ragged, numerous yards and commercial establishments, seated high on his truck. At noon his big pickup burst up one side of our U-shaped driveway, pushed the snow back once-over-lightly behind our car; if we needed to go someplace, we could shovel a minute, back out and swoop to the road. All day we waited for him to return, for the 15 minutes of backing and charging that clears all portions of our driveway, pushes snow back onto leachfield and daffodil patch, up to woodshed and carriage shed. Sometimes when we've had 30 or 40 inches without a melt, Forrest will bring a frontloader and heap drift on drift, farther out into roses and asparagus, clearing space for the next accumulation. Although Forrest complains about cold and no sleep and long hours, I never see him so happy as when he is perched high over his

blade — backing, gathering speed, changing the blade's tilt and *whomp* into the plain of whiteness, shoving it around like a large child in the best sandbox.

It was pitch black early Christmas night, and we were ready for bed, when the sound of Forrest's plow came through to us, and high in the black yard gleamed the yellow eye of his truck's forehead. Back and *whomp*. Back and *whomp*. We watched him skillfully shift and back and thud and thud, with the grace of an ocean liner, of a 747, of a 6½-foot tight end — anything huge and doing what it does well. Forrest slammed into our 18 inches, Forrest tucked it, treated it like a flurry.

Half-done, he parked and paused, as he often does. Water boiling on the wood stove, he accepted the offer of a cup of coffee. And when he came in, his beard whitened, his eyes red, smiling and shaking his head, we heard him say, "Yes, that's a good foot . . ." he paused for emphasis, repeated, ". . . a *good* foot of snow." □





THE WORLD OF DAISY COOK, Artist

by Joseph O. Fischer

FROM HER EARLIEST childhood days, Daisy Cook knew the responsibilities of work. The first of a family of eight children, she was born in 1902 on a farm near Republic, Missouri, a region badly burned during the Civil War. Farm life meant meeting the daily obligations that crops and the changes of seasons required. For many years as a very young child, Daisy had been her father's "boy" and did all the chores until others were old enough to help. At the time Daisy graduated from college, her mother died. Her father never remarried, and the children turned to her. Daisy met challenge in stride.

In 1928 Daisy married Warren Cook. While raising a family of five children, she taught mathematics and English in high school, off and on, for about 20 years until she retired "for the last time" in the early 1960s. When Warren took a job in Texas, Daisy found herself with free time for the first time in her life. She wore out several hobbies rather fast before she turned to painting in oils. Painting

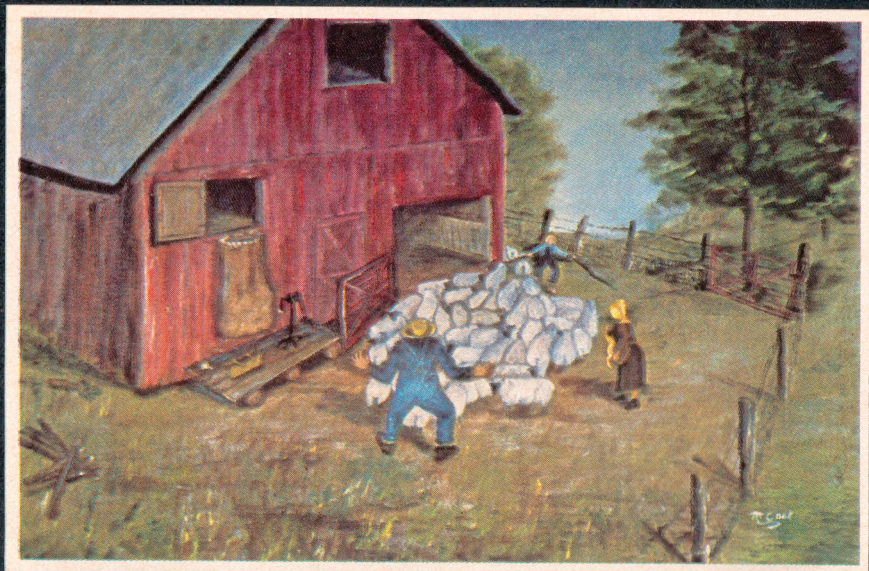
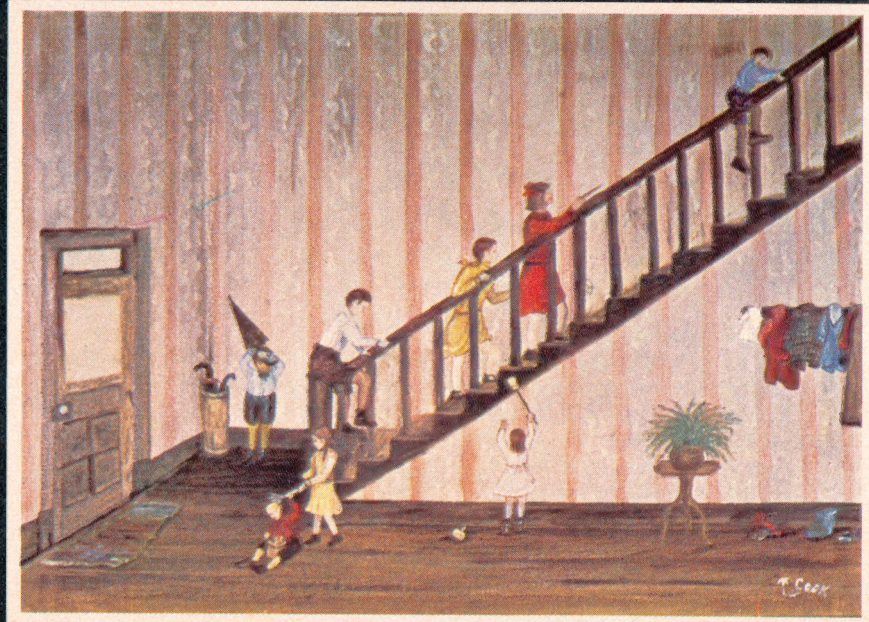
wasn't easy and she found that she spontaneously gave herself assignments to correct or improve her work.

Daisy sought out a teacher, who sensibly encouraged her to work in her own style. Something, however, was still missing. Daisy was not satisfied with painting only flower studies and still lifes.

A visit to her grandchildren provided the answer. Daisy discovered they did not know where milk came from. Suddenly she realized they knew nothing of the way of life that had formed her sense of values. That way of life was gone, but her memory of it provided many subjects to paint, scenes she knew from experience. When someone suggested she paint a sorghum mill, Daisy refused. Her family had never raised or processed sorghum. She painted scenes from her experiences and refused to become a painter of subjects requiring historical research.

As her canvases began to surround her, Daisy realized the greater impact they had when grouped to summarize earlier times. This second insight turned her interest in specific scenes into a program that provided subjects

Left: *The Table Garden* (top) and
Saturday Night Bath





Above: *The Country Doctor* (from the collection of Crowder College, Neosho, Missouri)
 Left: *Fun at Grandma's* (top) and *Driving the Sheep to the Barn to be Sheared*

for the rest of her years. She recorded farming techniques from the use of hand tools to the introduction of steam-powered machinery. The long-term economic depression in southwest Missouri made the buying of new farm equipment almost impossible.

Daisy also painted everyday scenes depicting family, school, church and community events. She painted the institutions that held society together. She emphasized the results of faith, hope and love that were not depicted as such, but were the substance behind the scenes and activities she pre-

ferred. Sentiment was firm in her attitudes, but she never allowed it to turn into sentimentality. Among notes in her record books is this entry, "Work is love made visible."

She rarely added details to "fill in" a composition. In one of the conversations we had during the more than five years I knew her, Daisy explained that that was the way life was then — it wasn't cluttered with frills. The essentials had to be raised, made or developed "from scratch."

Thus her work shows not only the cultural heritage she experienced, but

gives us her personal heritage and attitudes as well. Her paintings are individual in style. She showed no interest in imitating the painting styles in vogue during the years she worked. Daisy was not a folk artist; her work is individually conceived and does not produce traditional patterns or designs. Often, self-taught artists develop their abilities little; self-teaching means that formulas are repeated with minimal variation. There is growth and development in her work that show Daisy learned the lessons she assigned herself.

Daisy painted some 12½ years of the last 15 years of her life, producing nearly 300 paintings. Parkinson's disease became obvious soon after she started painting. Cataracts formed and an operation was performed. Heart trouble began and for several years few if any paintings were produced. Medications helped, and for the last year of her life her paintings showed a new optimism, with brighter

colors. Her last painting shows she had no intention of stopping her work. That canvas was a new venture for her: a specific event in local history, a kind of painting she had not painted earlier. That canvas was almost finished at the time of her death in December 1977.

In the work of Daisy Cook, from her first efforts through the development of her considerations about her own way of selecting and planning the scenes she painted, there is a concentration on activities. If she did return to still-life painting from time to time, it was to investigate her methods and to record objects that had meaning related to her life. She painted strongly. Earlier times were not fragrant reminiscences to Daisy Cook. For her they were times of responsibility, for the constructive making of a way of life. □

Below: *Wash Day* (from the collection of Crowder College, Neosho, Missouri)



A REPORT

Ford's 1980 Fuel-Economy Gains

by Ray Newman

Fairmont two-door sedan



FORD'S average fuel economy of 21.6 mpg for its 1980 passenger cars is the highest among domestic automakers (based on unofficial estimates at press time) and represents an increase

of more than 2.5 mpg over 1979. This is the highest year-to-year gain ever achieved by Ford since the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) began reporting fuel economy.

FORD'S 1980 FUEL ECONOMY

MODEL	ENGINE/TRANSMISSION	EPA	HIGHWAY
		ESTIMATED MPG	ESTIMATED MPG
Fiesta	1.6-liter/4-speed manual	26	38
Pinto	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	24	38
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	31
Pinto Wagon	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	38
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	32
Mustang	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	38
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	31
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	21	30
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	20	27
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	26
Fairmont	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	38
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	32
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	21	30
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	20	27
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	26
Fairmont Wagon	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	38
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	21	30
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	20	27
Granada	4.1-liter (250-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	19	28
	4.1-liter (250-CID)/automatic	17	23
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	17	25
Thunderbird	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	26
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	17	26
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	17	29
Ford LTD	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	17	24
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	17	26
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	16	23
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic overdrive	16	27

EPA gas-mileage figures show that Ford station wagons have leadership in all size ranges for American-built wagons. Pinto tops the small station wagons, Fairmont is the leader

among mid-sized wagons and Ford LTD leads the large station wagons.

Ford trucks also hold top spots in the EPA's fuel-economy listings. The new Ford F-100 is the top domestic

FORD'S 1980 FUEL ECONOMY

MODEL	ENGINE/TRANSMISSION	EPA	HIGHWAY
		ESTIMATED MPG	ESTIMATED MPG
Ford LTD Wagon	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic.....	17	24
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic.....	15	22
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic overdrive	15	25
Pickup			
F-100/150	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual	18	25
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	19	29
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	18	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/3-speed manual	16	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	16	25
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic.....	16	20
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/3-speed manual or 4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear	12	16
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	12	19
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	13	17
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual or 4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear	18	25
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	17	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/3-speed manual or 4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear	16	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	16	24
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	15	20
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual with creeper 1st gear	12	16
F-250	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive ..	12	19
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	13	17

More mileage information

EPA figures are for comparison with the estimated miles per gallon of other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on your speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. California estimates usually differ.



Ranger F-100

Thunderbird Town Landau



conventional pickup, Ford Econoline leads all vans and Courier shares first place for small pickup trucks.

Highlighting Ford Motor Company's 1980 engineering response to a fuel-conscious environment are a new, efficient V-8 engine and the first American-built four-speed Automatic Overdrive Transmission.

The new V-8 — Ford's first "Engine of the '80s" — is a 4.2-liter (255-CID) engine. It's available on Mustang, Fairmont, Fairmont Futura and Thunderbird. The 4.2-liter engine is Thunderbird's standard powerplant and provides the car with an EPA estimate of **18** mpg and a highway estimate of 26 mpg, which are improvements of four and six mpg, respectively, over last year's Thunderbird equipped with the standard V-8 engine.

A Ford innovation and a better-idea option for the '80s is the new Automatic Overdrive Transmission. At about 40 miles per hour in "D" (Drive), the transmission automatically shifts into overdrive fourth gear. This causes the engine to turn more slowly for improved highway fuel economy. The Automatic Overdrive Transmission is available on Thunderbird and on Ford LTD sedans and station wagons. Equipped with this transmission and the optional 5.8-liter (351-CID) V-8 engine, Ford LTD sedans have an EPA estimate of **16** mpg and a highway estimate of 27 mpg. These are improvements of two and seven mpg, respectively, over the 1979 Ford LTD with 5.8-liter engine and

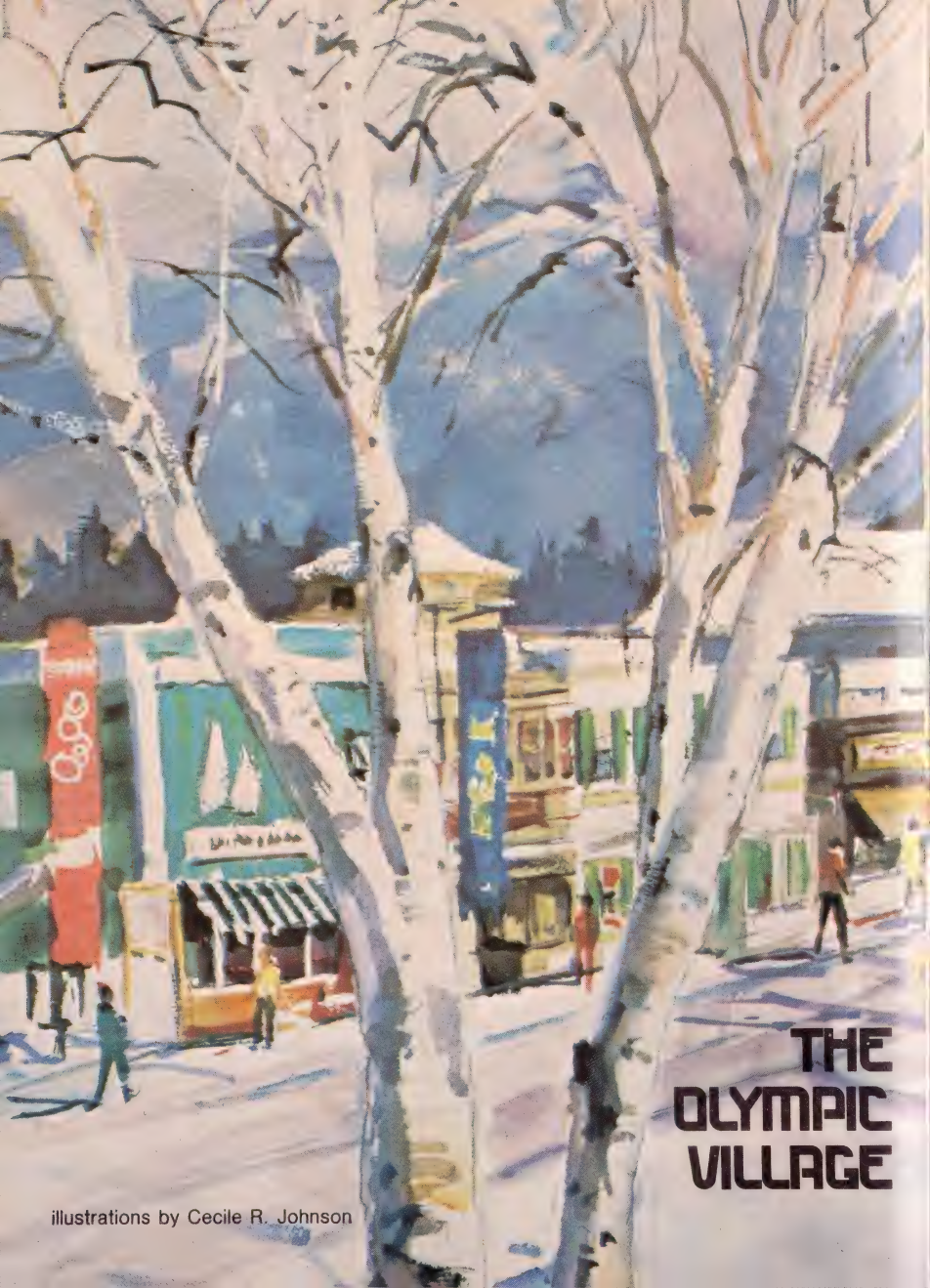
SelectShift automatic transmission.

For buyers who desire an overdrive gear, but prefer to shift for themselves, Ford offers a four-speed manual overdrive transmission. It's available this year on Mustang, Fairmont sedans and wagons, Futura and Granada.

Ford's gas-mileage leader for 1980 is the Fiesta. This thrifty import comes with a 1.6-liter engine and fully synchronized four-speed manual transmission, and has an EPA estimate of **26** mpg and a highway estimate of 38 mpg. (See "More mileage information," page 13.)

Four Ford Division cars are available with the economical 2.3-liter overhead cam four-cylinder engine: Pinto, Mustang, Fairmont and Futura. The 2.3-liter is standard on these cars, and in each case is offered with the fully synchronized four-speed manual transmission or the optional SelectShift automatic transmission. (Ford has expanded the availability of its turbocharged 2.3-liter engine this year, so that now Mustang, Fairmont and Futura owners can enjoy this exciting option, which provides extra power for freeway merging or passing.) □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE

illustrations by Cecile R. Johnson



BY MICHAEL E. MAATTALA

LAKE PLACID

Winter sports fans
will flock here in

February, when the
XIII Olympic Winter
Games come to
town



AFTER an absence of 48 years, the Olympic Winter Games are returning to Lake Placid. That's not so long, though, considering that only one other American site — California's Squaw Valley in 1960 — has ever hosted the Winter Games. But then, Lake Placid is not your typical American city.

Lake Placid, in fact, isn't even a city. It's a village of about 3,000 people nestled snugly among the trees, lakes and mountains of the six-million-acre Adirondack Park in upstate New York. And when winter comes to the area, it's a place where outdoor fans like to be.

Come February, there will be more fans — and competitors — in Lake Placid than the village ever has seen. About 40,000 spectators will be on hand each day to watch 1,200 athletes from 40 countries compete for Olympic stardom.

Scheduled events for the XIII Winter Games include downhill skiing, slalom skiing, giant slalom skiing, cross-country skiing, ice dancing, pairs and figure skating, hockey, luge,

bobsledding, speed skating, biathlon and ski jumping.

Classified ads in *The Lake Placid News* last winter showed how eager some Americans are to see the Games. One ad offered this invitation: "Join the two of us in our Vail condominium home anytime during the 1979-80 winter for the same in yours during the 1980 Winter Olympics." Another said: "Husband and wife looking for rental accommodations during the Olympics. Or would be willing to swap for a visit at our shore home."

Over the years, Lake Placid has developed an enviable Olympic heritage. Starting with the very first Winter Games at Chamonix, France, in 1924, when Lake Placid's Charles Jewtraw won the first gold medal awarded (for the 500-meter speed skating event), Lake Placid has had competitors on every Winter Games team and in virtually every event.

When the III Winter Games came to Lake Placid in 1932, hometown Jack Shea won two gold medals in speed skating. Today, he is the supervisor of the town of North Elba, which encompasses Lake Placid, and a member of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee (LPOOC). Another Lake Placid resident, Art Devlin, made an indelible mark on the world of winter sports. He was selected for the United States ski jumping team in five Olympic Winter Games and today serves as vice-president of the LPOOC.

Lake Placid's Olympic complex is a compact network of sites, all conve-



niently located within a nine-mile radius of the village. Efforts to minimize the expected crush of traffic hinge on a system of satellite parking lots at various points along the roads into Lake Placid, with a bus system to transport spectators and athletes to and from the village and the sports sites.

Public housing in Lake Placid proper generally will be given over to the "Olympic family" (Games officials, administrators and the like). The decision to house spectators away from Lake Placid is in keeping with the LPOOC's commitment to hold a Winter Games primarily for the ath-

letes. Only one new hotel has been built in the village, and it replaced one that had been torn down.

"The Olympics were becoming a spending event," said the Rev. J. Bernard Fell, president of the LPOOC. "It was just getting too expensive to hold the Olympic Games in a big city. Our feeling was that it should revert to what it once was — a contest among athletes — and we felt a small village like ours could provide a better setting than any city."

And what a setting Lake Placid has come up with! New facilities and renovations for the Games include construction of 70- and 90-meter ski

jumps, refrigeration of the Olympic Stadium 400-meter speed skating oval, renovation of the existing Olympic Arena and construction of a new Olympic Field House adjacent to the arena; new trails, access lifts and enlarged snow-making and lodge facilities at Whiteface Mountain, refrigeration and illumination of the bobsled run and construction of a new, refrigerated luge run at Mt. Van Hoevenberg and an athletes' village.

Both the bobsled and luge runs are the only ones of their kind in the Western Hemisphere. Most Americans are familiar with bobsledding, but the luge — pronounced "lewzh" — is somewhat of a mystery. Olympic officials expect this year's Games to unravel that mystery and set off a luge explosion in the United States.

Basically, a luge is a sophisticated version of the Flexible Flyer. It originated in Switzerland in the 19th century, but was not held as an Olympic event until 1964 in Innsbruck, Aus-

tria. At Lake Placid, there will be races for both one- and two-man sleds. According to *The New York Times*: "Luge has fewer than 200 national competitors, even though millions of youngsters delight in sledding down steep hills. Of course, only luggers are brave enough — or crazy enough, depending on your point of view — to ride down an icy, banked run on their backs, in a sled that has no mechanical steering or braking, at speeds of more than 70 miles an hour."

The Games' 1,200 athletes, together with their team trainers and officials, will make up the 1,900-resident population of the Olympic Village a few miles west of Lake Placid. The cluster of new buildings is on a 35-acre campus surrounded by evergreen forest. The Village contains dormitories, exercise rooms, a shopping center, medical facilities, theaters, religious service areas, a post office, an international telephone center, a bank and enough different kinds of recreation — including a discothèque — to satisfy a lifetime of weekends. Strict security will insure the athletes' privacy. After the Games, the Village's next residents will know security, too. The facility will become a federal correctional institution.

The Games will run February 12 to 24 and will open officially with the traditional lighting of the Olympic flame, which will be carried to this small Adirondack community in a nine-day relay through some of Amer-



ica's most historic places. The flame, lighted every four years at a special ceremony at ancient Olympia in Greece, will be flown from Athens to Langley Air Force Base in Virginia. From Langley, the flame will go by sea to Yorktown, site of the final battle of the War for Independence. From there, runners will follow a 1,000-mile Olympic Torch Relay Route that will commemorate America's heritage.

Fifty-two torch runners will represent all 50 states plus the District of Columbia and the host village. They were selected from more than 6,000 applicants who responded to the LPOOC's request for runners. Lake Placid's representative is Robert Lopez, a 56-year-old veterinarian who has participated in five Boston Marathons.

"These runners represent the best of America," said George Christian Ortloff, the LPOOC's chief of ceremonies and awards. "They are well-rounded people who are true Renaissance men and women. In addition to being good athletes and good runners, they are involved with challenging professions and are interested in music, art, drama and scholarship. The torch runners will demonstrate to the world that the 'sports robot' has not taken over athletics in America."

Area teenagers also will be involved in the Games. About 1,300 volunteers from 29 school districts will be helping at the competition sites, working in concessions, serving as parking attendants, carrying mes-



sages, assisting the press and doing a multitude of behind-the-scenes jobs to help the international event run smoothly.

Elementary school teachers in Lake Placid are teaching lessons designed to make the Olympics part of their students' learning experience. Children are studying the geography of the participating countries and of the mountains where downhill skiers, bobsledders and cross-country teams will vie for gold medals. Classroom metrics has come alive as the language of international competition.

Lake Placid's 850 students will benefit from the Winter Games in one other way: Starting the last week in January, the village's schools will be closed for five weeks. □

Editor's note: At press time, a limited number of tickets were still available. For ticket information, write to Robert Ohanesian, Director of Admissions, Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee, P. O. Box 1980, Lake Placid, New York 12946, or call (518) 653-4211/4261.



IN 1909 — only one year before the outbreak of the 1910-1921 Revolution from which modern Mexico emerged — the then authoritative *Terry's Guide to Mexico* described Cuautla as a “quaint, semitropical town in the State of Morelos . . . one of the most charmingly tranquil of all the Mexican towns, a rendezvous for many people from the capital and internationally celebrated for hot sulphur springs (called *aguas hediondas* — evil-smelling waters) to which remarkable curative properties are ascribed . . . The climate is thoroughly delightful, tepid but not sticky and neither hot nor cold . . . where winter is unknown. The town seems eternally bathed in sunshine, and it possesses an air of tranquillity and restfulness soothing and delightful to the harried Northerner. Cuautla’s popularity grows with every visitor, and some day it may win a merited renown on a par with some of the spas of Europe and America.”

The same words could be written today without change, except for Terry’s prediction of the attaining of great renown. That, thank the Lord, never happened.

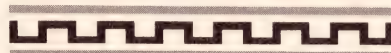
Lying just off the well-trod tourist track of Mexico City (62 miles away), Cuautla is a kind of lower-case Shanghai of some 20,000 people. Considering what has happened to Mexico City, where the broad Paseo de la Reforma is choked with cars, Cuautla’s sameness is refreshing. Its streets retain their air of peace and quiet. It is surrounded by verdant fields. The



CUAUTLA

Observing life around this Mexican city’s fine spa, you never would dream the area had a turbulent past

by Arthur Pincus
photos by Mario Cassola



nearest factory is in Cuernavaca, 27 miles away.

Though Cuautla is known to only a few of us *gringos*, the town is enshrined in Mexican hearts. Every schoolchild knows its proud and violent history. In the 1810-1820 War of Independence from Spain, Cuautla earned the title of *La Heroica Ciudad* (The Heroic City), which appears before its name in all official documents, including casual municipal reports, police blotter summaries and real estate tax forms. It may sound a little full-blown and pompous to us, but rhetoric-loving Latin Americans warm to it because they know it was earned with blood.

In 1811, the patriot-priest José Morelos took refuge in Cuautla with

3,000 ill-equipped troops and was surrounded by a crack Spanish army of 20,000, who tried to take the town by storm but were repeatedly repulsed. For three months Morelos and his men withstood the siege. When stark famine threatened, Morelos thwarted the Spaniards by a brilliant retreat to safety.

Almost precisely a century later in the far bloodier Revolution against dictator Porfirio Díaz that established today's Republic, Cuautla's history became intertwined with the life story of Emiliano Zapata, the most noted figure in Mexican history. He was born on a nearby ranch, and in 1919 was betrayed, ambushed and assassinated at a hacienda some 15 miles to the south. His bullet-riddled body was borne to a square in Cuautla, where mournful thousands upon thousands died by.

On April 10, the anniversary of Zapata's death, a parade and ceremony are held in Cuautla in the very square where his body went on display. High functionaries from the state capital, Cuernavaca, always attend and speak; occasionally, an official from the national government puts in an appearance. Veterans of Zapata's army always take the place of honor in the parade. Their enormous mustachios stand forth fiercely like so many curled iron rods, their old-fashioned rifles and sabers clink, the huge braid-embroidered sombreros are proudly worn. Their eyes glint as if they were in church. They stand ramrod straight. These are the

living *Zapatistas*, the very last of them, children when they followed Zapata as camp hangers-on, waiting until one of the soldiers fell in battle so that they could snatch up his rifle and become a soldier in his place. Once counted by the thousands, their numbers dwindle each year, and today they are counted by the tens.

Agua Hedionda, the spa just east of Cuautla, is neither as fashionable as Ixtapan de la Sal nor as well-appointed as San José Purua. The advantages that Agua Hedionda enjoys are the fact that it is more native, far less expensive and its curative powers — to hearken to its users — miraculous.

Montezuma was carried in a feather-lined litter across the mountains from Tenochtitlán (today Mexico City) past 17,338-foot Ixtacihuatl (the Sleeping Woman) and 17,876-foot Popocatepetl (the Smoking Mountain) to spend lazy days gathering up health and well-being in the sulphurous waters of Agua Hedionda. The Spaniards in 1605 founded a health-cure settlement beside the spring, and made of the region a kind of fashionable spa that became known even in Europe.

Today Mexico City's middle-class, especially its contingent of Germans, Poles, Czechs and other Central Europeans, follows in the path trod by

Right: Participants in the April 10th parade commemorating the anniversary of Zapata's death (top and lower left). Flower sellers in central square



the Aztecs and the *conquistadores*. Year-round weekends and holidays see them descend on Agua Hedionda in large numbers for exposure to the sun and immersion in the waters that have their origin in Popocatepetl, the source. North Americans also soak in the sulphur spring, swim in the pool it forms and sip its waters, but in nowhere near as large numbers; fewer of us are as faithful believers in the health-giving powers of thermal springs. Yet even nonbelievers admit that the silken feeling consequent to bathing in the not-too-hot flowing water is a sheer delight.

Mexico City's doctors regard the spa and its environs as a kind of all-purpose health resort, as salubrious for the treatment of cardiac, rheumatic and arthritic complaints as Cuautla's far lower altitude is effective for the relief of Mexico City-induced bronchial colds, emphysema and chest disorders of every description.

And because the gigantic shoulder of Popocatepetl deflects the whining north winds that sweep down from the high tableland of Mexico City, Cu-

autla's climate is even, benign and without brusque changes. In consequence, Cuautla is surrounded by huge fields of sugar cane. Vast quantities of dazzling flowers, fine fruits and wonderful-tasting vegetables grow lushly in the rich black volcanic soil. The cheapest commodity in Cuautla is flowers, and flowers are the reason Cuautla is one of the country's largest bee-keeping centers, the flavor of whose honey is justly famous.

There are no deluxe hotels or restaurants in Cuautla, and it is even difficult to classify them as first class. Just the same, its assortment of hotels offers fairly comfortable stopping-off places. Largest is the Hotel Vasco, whose newer wing in the rear, toward the pools and bungalows, affords the best lodging to be had in Cuautla. The Vasco also has large gardens, a huge dining room and pink flamingos. Cheaper but still adequate accommodations are available at the Granada, the España and the Jardin.

Cuautla's *zocalo* (central square), like the town itself, is plain in appearance, rich in humanity.

Sit for a while; everybody else does. Rheumy old men snooze and nod. *Novios* (engaged couples) hold hands and then suddenly kiss with a passion that has to be seen to be believed. Young children play gentle games, managing to keep starched white clothing spotless. Bootblacks, also young, grimy and quick-eyed, gamble with their meager earnings between shoeshines. Babies toddle. A funeral procession files past. The





Soaking in the sulphurous waters of Agua Hedionda

vastly crowded cemetery is only two blocks below the *zocalo*. Only the dead ride. The living, clutching flowers, walk.

As the sun's rays go down, the painted iron-scroll benches slowly empty, then fill. Newcomers, departers tread on one another's heels, but with decorum and grace. The lowliest of *campesinos* is innately polite. Across the *zocalo*, in front of the Church of Santo Domingo, appear a dozen or more hand-drawn carts, lit by hissing LP gas lamps. With dusk come mouth-watering smells of tortillas, chiles, frying onions, roast pork and barbecued *chivo* (kid).

Huge lines of customers queue up.

Mexicans are prodigious eaters.

But if it is Sunday, do not linger. On Sunday, a town band of some 20 to 25 musicians fills the overhead cast-iron bandstand. As the church bells toll vespers, the band concert begins. There is a conductor, to be sure. But the players heed him not, nor each other. They play mariachi ballads, Sousa marches, Verdi and Puccini overtures, American show tunes — all equally wretchedly.

If there is a worse band in Mexico, I have yet to hear it. The musicians are so far out of tune as to set the teeth on edge.

Even a small corner of Paradise can have at least one flaw. □

SINCE they've been toddlers, my children have been interested in indoor gardening. They have helped me transplant — by scattering plants and dirt all over the carpeting; they have become expert at removing cocoa chips, charcoal and decorative stones from pots — to piles on the floor; they have learned to distinguish between geranium leaves and lettuce — by a taste test.

So when my youngest turned 3 years old, I thought it time my son and daughter began gardening in earnest. For Christmas that year I gave

each a couple of plants. Needless to say, their interest quickly bloomed.

Plants that grow without soil, that move in various ways, that eat insects, that multiply quickly — all have captured my children's imagination. They have also been particularly attracted to plants with unusual names, such as donkey's or burro's tail (*Sedum morganianum*), baby tears (*Helxine soleiroliae*) and leopard plant (*Ligularia kaempferi aeromaculata*). The same goes for species that produce flowers or berries and for ones with colorful foliage, such as the

Indoor Gardening With Kids

Interest can bloom as quickly as some of these unusual plants

by Cara L. Kazanowski

illustrations by Linda Boston



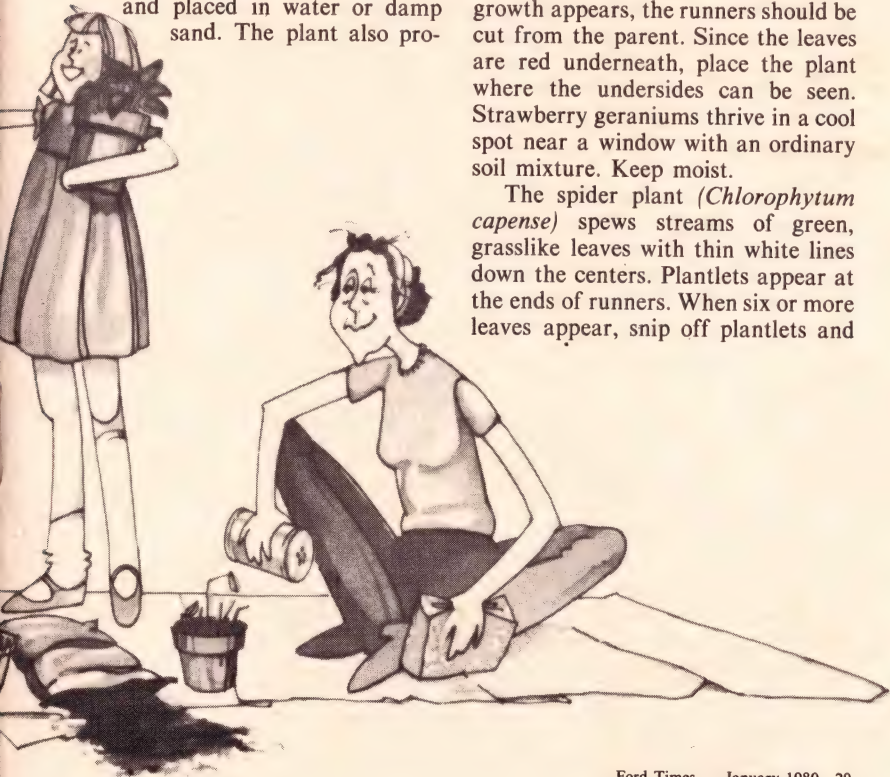
multicolored coleus (*Coleus*), the red bloodleaf (*Iresine herbstii*) and the purple-and-green wandering Jew (*Zebra brina pendula*). All these plants make good presents for grandparents, cousins and friends; one's children can say they have "made" the gifts themselves.

Children love plants that propagate quickly. The aptly named piggyback (*Tomliea menziesii*) plant grows light-green leaflets atop its fuzzy, many-pointed leaves. The mature leaves will root if they are pinched off and placed in water or damp sand. The plant also pro-

duces runners with plantlets which root if they reach another pot. Grow piggybacks in an average potting soil (a mixture of 1/3 loam, 1/3 peat and 1/3 perlite) with direct sunlight. Don't allow them to dry out.

The strawberry geranium (*Saxifraga sarmentosa*) has leaves clustered in rosettes with new little rosettes growing at the ends of long red runners. If you pin down the plantlets produced by the runners, a new plant network will begin. When fresh growth appears, the runners should be cut from the parent. Since the leaves are red underneath, place the plant where the undersides can be seen. Strawberry geraniums thrive in a cool spot near a window with an ordinary soil mixture. Keep moist.

The spider plant (*Chlorophytum capense*) spews streams of green, grasslike leaves with thin white lines down the centers. Plantlets appear at the ends of runners. When six or more leaves appear, snip off plantlets and





pot them separately or root them in water, then pot. Or, in a neighboring pot, pin down a plantlet still attached to its parent. When new growth appears, cut it apart. Spider plants grow well in hanging baskets with full sun and lots of water.

Plants that move also attract youngsters. The best-known is the sensitive plant (*Mimosa pudica*) whose feathery leaves with dark markings close if they are touched, if the plant is moved or even if you hold a match or lighted cigaret near it. When left alone, the leaves slowly reopen.

Several plants close their leaves or flowers at night as if going to sleep. The movement is slow, but can be noticed if you watch the plant at quarter-hour intervals. The prayer plant (*Maranta leuconeura*), the most common, folds its leaves like hands clasped in prayer as night falls. The prayer plant needs partial shade, moist soil and high humidity (mist several times daily). Crocuses also close their short-lived flowers when

the temperature drops.

Venus's-flytrap (*Dionaea muscipula*) is the most popular of the insect-eaters — but still hard to locate in stores, especially in the northern United States. Its jawlike traps at the ends of leaves spring shut and ensnare its victims — insects that have touched the feelers. The Venus's-fly-trap then slowly eats its meal with its digestive juices. Try feeding small pieces of ground beef, egg whites or cheese to this plant — carefully. The food will be spit out if it can't be devoured. When there are no insects or other delicacies within range, the plant lives off its soil. The plant grows best in a terrarium or under a bell jar in sphagnum moss with a little sand and leaf mold or peat and needs full sun, cool temperatures and constant moisture.

Children are also intrigued by cacti, because of their sometimes odd shapes and names, and their small spines or hairy tufts that vary in texture from velvetlike to sandpapery to uncomfortably prickly. Cacti are easy to grow; their flowers bloom for long periods — and also need full sunlight, warmth and dryness. Another caution when gardening with children: Some cacti spines that are almost invisible can puncture the skin without notice and are difficult to remove.

The staghorn fern (*Platycerium bifurcatum* "Bloomii") is an "air" plant which needs no potting. It is sold with roots wrapped in osmunda fiber and tied to a piece of bark or cyprus wood. Water and plant food are de-

posited in a small "pocket" between the fern and the board. Staghorn ferns need frequent misting.

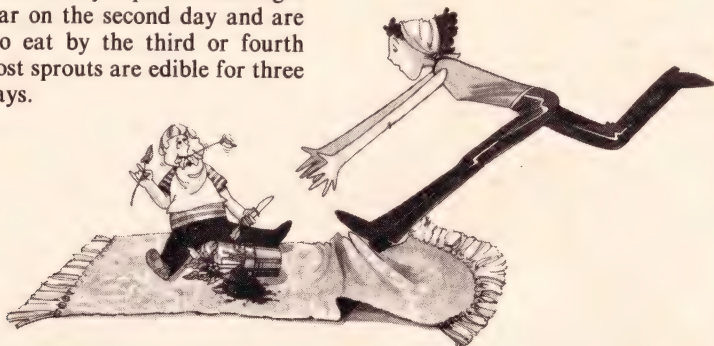
Growing sprouts from the seeds of grains or legumes is a less expensive way to grow plants without soil — and the sprouts can be used in sandwiches and salads. The smallest seeds, such as mustard, cress and radish, may be grown on damp paper towels or sponges. Growing mung bean, alfalfa or other sprouts is only a little more complicated. Here's how:

Carefully wash a large mayonnaise or other quart jar and punch holes in the lid with a hammer and nail. Wash 1/4 cup seeds in a strainer and remove broken seeds. Put seeds in the jar and fill with four times more cool water than seeds. Let soak overnight. Next day, put top on and drain water off seeds. Rinse with fresh, cool water. Do not leave any water in the container. Put the jar on its side in a semi-dark place with good ventilation. Rinse seeds with cool water, always pouring water completely out, two or three times a day. Sprouts will begin to appear on the second day and are ready to eat by the third or fourth day. Most sprouts are edible for three more days.

It is essential to remember, however, when gardening with children, that some common indoor — and outdoor — plants can be poisonous or even lethal.

Indoor species in which the entire plant can have toxic effects include azalea (*Rhododendron*), castor bean (*Ricinus communis*) and calla lily (*Zantedeschia aethiopica*). Plants which have one or more poisonous parts include bird-of-paradise (*Strelitzia*, seed pods), daffodil (*Narcissus*, bulb), holly (*Ilex*, berries) dumb cane (*Dieffenbachia maculata*, stem), Jerusalem cherry (*Solanum pseudo-capsicum*, berries), lantana (*Lantana montevidensis*, berries) and poinsettia (*Euphorbia pulcherrima*, leaves and stem).

When my children are a little older, we are going to expand our gardening repertoire to planting bulbs and growing plants from sweet potatoes and other household fruits and vegetables. □





GREAT AMERICAN DESIGN

THUNDERBIRD AND TRIGÈRE

by Nancy Kennedy

photos by William Eisenberg



A MERICAN design is unique in character and in style. It is internationally recognized as having clean, modern lines with an innate ease of usage or wear. Form is simplified down to the working basics, then polished to a thorough sophistication. It is a merger not easily accomplished, yet year after year it is achieved in the classic Thunderbird and in the fashions of American designer Pauline Trigère.

The preceding two pages provide some insight into 25 years of Thunderbird's and Trigère's great American designs. On the left is the original 1955 edition of the Thunderbird, an American motoring legend. Nearly 50,000 Thunderbirds were sold during this distinguished car's first three model years; today, these early Thunderbirds are highly sought after by car collectors. The model with the 1955 Thunderbird is wearing a gown that also is a quarter of a century old, a Trigère creation of magnificent Russian broadtail trimmed with fox from Miss Trigère's "Museum Collection." Miss Trigère says this dress "can be worn forever without looking dated." Both the vintage fashion and

the Thunderbird are worth many times their original price. This, then, is the acid test of fine design: It endures, it still works, it is an object of beauty. Age has enhanced its intrinsic value.

On the right in the centerspread is the look of the 1980s — a stunning 25th anniversary edition of the new Thunderbird.

The special Silver Anniversary Thunderbird sports a unique roof treatment featuring high-gloss wrapover molding, a frenched rear window and a special Silver Glamour paint.

The 1980 Trigère is a glimpse of the future in a dramatically feminine version of pant dressing in a vibrant, clear orange silk crepe.

More About Thunderbird

The introduction of the Thunderbird in the autumn of 1954 ignited the enthusiasm of the motoring world. It was — and still is — a car designed for those who wanted something different.

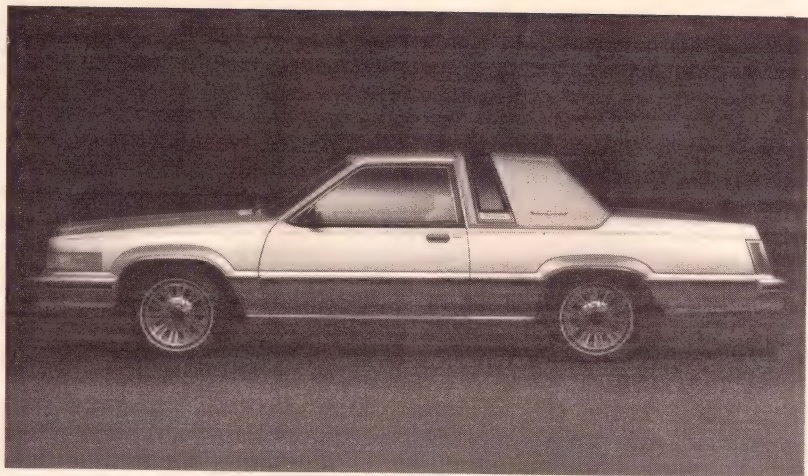
The 1980 breed of Thunderbird boasts distinctive new styling — with the unmistakable touches that say Thunderbird — plus the prestige car's traditional luxury and a sparkling array of new options including an Electronic Instrument Cluster and a Keyless Entry System. Yet Thunderbird is still a very practical — and, yes, affordable — car in tune with the 1980s. It is trimmer on the outside than last year's model for easier maneuvering and parking. Inside, it has more rear seat leg and knee room and, with the

Pages 32-33: On the left, a classic 1955 Thunderbird with designer Pauline Trigère's vintage dress. On the right, the look of the 1980s: the elegant simplicity of the Silver Anniversary Thunderbird and a current Trigère ensemble. Photographed at the Hart Plaza in Detroit on the spot where the papers of incorporation for Ford Motor Company were signed in 1903. In the background is Renaissance Center



Right: Two Trigère looks for a dressy evening — one soft in a shift of blue cloud georgette, the other a tailored suit of silk and worsted trimmed with embroidered metallic ribbon. Below: A Trigère tweed suit complements the Silver Anniversary Thunderbird's leather split bench seats





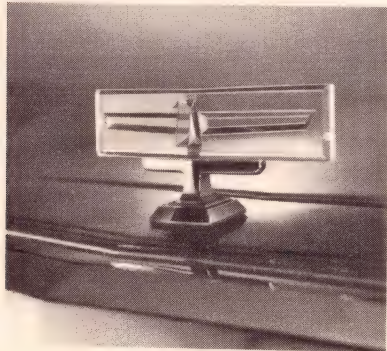
The special edition Silver Anniversary Thunderbird

new mini-spare tire, more trunk space than in last year's car.

1980 Thunderbird buyers have their choice of three series: the standard Thunderbird, the luxurious

Town Landau and the top-of-the-line Silver Anniversary Thunderbird. This special 25th anniversary Thunderbird comes equipped with many luxury features that are unavailable or

"Cut crystal" look hood ornament



Unique roof treatment



options on other Thunderbirds. Following are some of the features that are standard on the Silver Anniversary Thunderbird:

- Automatic Overdrive Transmission, which is designed to save gas, money and engine wear
- Silver Glamour paint and rear half vinyl roof
- Special roof treatment with high-gloss black wrapover molding and frenched backlite
- Opera window coach lamps with "Silver Anniversary" nomenclature (see photo on page 35)
- High-gloss black inserts in bodyside moldings and bumper rub strips
- "Cut crystal" look hood ornament (see photo on page 36)
- Garage door opener
- Black accents on remote-control mirror housings, upper door frames and wide door belt moldings
- Special silver cloth split bench seats with seatback assist straps (also available in leather as shown in interior photo on page 35).

More About Trigrère

Pauline Trigrère is publicly acclaimed an outstanding designer. Recently the public was invited to participate in a fashion poll for selecting the best day and night fashions. Miss Trigrère's fashions were overwhelming winners in night wear, and her day wear came in second. This accolade is heartily endorsed by her customers, whose names read like *Who's Who in America*.

Miss Trigrère was born in Paris in

the heart of Pigalle, and grew up in France. Her mother was a dressmaker, her father a tailor. Miss Trigrère learned to cut and fit in her father's tailor shop, where she made her first pattern. She lives and works in New York.

Miss Trigrère brings the great qualities of the French woman — glamor, flair and charm — to everything she does. In the classic tradition of Vionnet, Lanvin and Chanel, she does not *sketch* designs — she cuts and drapes from the bolt and, in so doing, has pioneered an extraordinary number of fashion themes, innovations that eventually turn up in the vocabulary used along New York's famed Seventh Avenue. Many of her designs are in the Metropolitan Museum's costume collection.

Her thesis is that good design is timeless. As she says, "In fashion as well as in car design, good taste and quality are never out of date."

To prove her point, Miss Trigrère selects two favorite costumes from each year's collection and adds them to her "Museum Collection" (see 1955 vintage gown on page 32). □





PETE and HIS PETS

by Steve Brody

illustrations by David M. Gaadt

**He had a lot of animal friends, including
some in high places**

PETE FLETCHER was pure outdoors. He was a sturdy, rawboned youngster who wore blue Levi's, high-topped boots that always seemed to be caked with mud, and a perpetual grin. He neither smoked nor cussed nor tooled about with the swingers at school. His one vice — if it can be labeled that — was chewing tobacco. He always came to school with a cud of tobacco tucked formidably in his cheek, lending him an air of expectancy.

Pete had no particular fondness for

compulsory education, but he had an innate reverence for life. He ranged through the district like St. Francis of Assisi, showering his devotion on all living things. He possessed an unusual rapport with creatures of the lower orders, who appeared continually to be soliciting his sponsorship. His house was stocked with two of almost every domestic animal. There were two dogs, two cats, two rabbits, two hamsters, two goldfish and two parakeets. A visitor to Pete's house might have

conjectured that he was getting ready for the Flood.

Pete was proud of his popularity with the animal kingdom. He would demonstrate readily how to whistle down a bird from the trees or get a snarling dog to wag its tail. His pockets were generally loaded with dog yummys, carrot sticks and chunks of celery, all of which he would offer up liberally to anyone who cared to indulge. He signed all his compositions and test papers "Pete the Hoss."

Pete loved horses. Mrs. Fletcher had long ago put her foot down on having a horse, since the family lived in a second floor apartment that wasn't carpeted. So Pete did the next best thing. He got himself a job in one of the local riding stables, exercising the horses every morning before he came to school. He would come into class each morning exuding a strong occupational aroma and with bits of straw protruding from his cuffs. More often than not a stray dog or cat would attach itself to Pete and trail him to school. I would hear a barking or meowing at the entrance downstairs and I would know Pete had arrived.

One day Pete showed up carrying an oversized duffel bag, which he set down under his desk. I figured the bag contained athletic equipment and gave the matter little thought.

The class was reading *Macbeth* that day. We were engaged in the scene where Birnam Wood is reported to be seen marching toward Dunsinane. (Enemy soldiers are advancing

behind a camouflage of small leafy trees.) The overwrought messenger exclaims:

As I did stand my watch upon the hill

I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought

The wood began to move.

At which point Larry Benson, who was sitting across from Pete, turned pale and raised his hand. "Sir," exclaimed Larry, "Pete Fletcher's duffel bag is moving toward Cindy Mitchell!"

Sure enough, Pete's duffel bag was writhing about Cindy's shapely ankles. She let out a bloodcurdling shriek and the classroom emptied in a hurry. All except Pete, who stared at his moving duffel bag.

"The false thanes are flying," I remarked. "Pete, what do you have in that bag of yours?"

"A snake," he said.





"Oh?" I tried to act as though it were a routine answer. "What sort of snake, Pete?"

"Anaconda."

I suddenly felt terribly alone, unarmed and defenseless.

The episode had boiled down to a contest involving me against Pete and his anaconda.

I was beginning to shrink under the weight of heavy odds. The bag wiggled violently and I barely resisted

a temptation to join my students in flight.

"It's okay," assured Pete. "Nothing will happen." The bag wiggled violently again and Pete reached down to pat it gently. "Easy, Stretch," he soothed, "I'm right here by your side."

"Stretch, eh?" I asked. "Like how much?"

"Like 11 feet," said Pete.

"Pete," I said, pausing to swallow,

"11 feet is a lot of anaconda for a small room like this. Now maybe in the music room or the art room Stretch would feel more at home, but here I'm not so sure. Better yet, maybe you'd just be wise to keep him home after this. It might be good for student morale."

"Mom won't let Stretch in the house unless I'm there with him," he explained. "Last week she had her bridge friends over. Stretch got loose from my room and the place really started jumping. When I got home, Mom read me the riot act."

"Pete," I said. "The handwriting is on the wall. I think you'd better part with Stretch."

Nobody wanted Stretch

"I can't," he pleaded. "Nobody wants him. When I first got Stretch, he was so big." He parted his hands about 12 inches. "That was three years ago. Now he's 11 feet and everyone's afraid of him. What'll I do with him? I can't just toss him away."

I reminded Pete that his undue concern for pets and foundlings was beginning to exact its toll on his scholastic career. His grades had fallen considerably and unless he devoted more time to his studies there was a chance that he wouldn't graduate.

"Pete," I said, as fatherly as I knew how, "do you want to be a stableboy for the rest of your life?"

Pete stared out the window. "I guess not," he replied.

"I realize your obligation to Stretch and the other pets," I contin-

ued, "but there comes a time in life when we must face realities."

He continued staring out the window.

"I think I can find a good home for Stretch," I said. "Would you mind very much?"

Pete gazed thoughtfully at the duffel bag for a long time. He shrugged philosophically, tossed the bag over his shoulder and strode from the room.

During my free period, I telephoned the Bronx Zoo for advice on how to dispose of the anaconda. They referred me to a professor of zoology at Columbia University who, it so happened, was preparing a doctoral thesis on the mating proclivities of the anaconda. The professor readily agreed to take Stretch off Pete's hands.

When I broke the news to Pete, he burst into tears. I never realized there could be such a strong attachment between boy and reptile.

"Don't take it so hard, Pete," I said. "It's really for the best. Stretch will be among his own kind. He'll be engaged in scientific search, making his own contribution to the field of knowledge. And you can go on seeing him. I've arranged it so that you have visiting rights."

Pete was genuinely saddened about having to part with his pet anaconda. Nevertheless, in the ensuing weeks, he made a conscientious effort to concentrate on his school work. He turned in his homework assignments and he was attentive in class. In spite

of his renewed interest, Pete's tests were below passing and as the year drew to a close, it became apparent that his destiny would hinge upon the outcome of the final examination.

Final examinations at Granada High are held in the gymnasium, the only section of the school that can reasonably accommodate the 300 or so graduates. Over the years various types of birds have entered the gym through a grating near the ceiling, nesting there and using the spacious area as a sort of aviary. Efforts have been made to move the examination site, but none of the other department areas has proved successful. Plans to drive the creatures out have been periodically proposed, but the local Audubon Society invariably succeeds in thwarting such designs. The birds have settled in and regard the gymnasium as their natural habitat. They flit about the rafters, swooping down and keeping up an incessant chatter. Indeed, during the mating season, the gymnasium sounds like the sound track of a Tarzan film.

Besides the noise, there are more tangible evidences of bird life. During basketball games, these residual effects may be shrugged off in the heave and sweat of competition. At times, though, the accumulations have become a hazard to footing, and the referee has had to signal a time-out until the floor can be mopped.

Examinees have learned to come prepared. Many wear headphones to keep out the shrill clatter. Most show up in expendable garb, ranging from

sackcloth to disposable denim. During examination week the strict rule against wearing headgear in school is lifted and many of the students take advantage of the moratorium by wearing wide-brimmed hats.

It was in such a setting that Pete Fletcher made his final assault upon the public education establishment. As the three-hour English portion of the exam drew to a close, all the students except Pete had turned in their papers and long since departed. I bent over to remind Pete that only three minutes remained, noting at the same time that he was struggling with a single vocabulary word — *serendipity*. He had filled in all the definitions in the vocabulary part of the test except for this one word. He had four choices.

He sought guidance

Pete knew he was in a battle against time. He squirmed and grimaced and rolled his eyes heavenward as if seeking providential guidance. It soon came from one of the birds in the rafters, landing squarely on *C: faculty for making desirable discoveries*. Pete hastily wiped the paper with his sleeve, marked the appropriate box and handed me his test just before the deadline. He wore a beatific smile as he strode from the gym.

As it turned out, that last answer was worth two points and gave Pete a 65, assuring him of graduating. Small wonder that as Pete strode across the stage under a bright June sun to receive his diploma, a bird kept circling above his head like a halo. □



D.M. GAADT

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Attention Snowmobilers! — More than three dozen “Great North American Snowplaces” are featured in the 164-page third annual edition of *Bombardier's Snowmobile Vacation Guide*. The editorial section is illustrated with four-color photos and contains feature stories by 10 of North America's leading outdoor writers. The guide's 96-page directory lists hotels, motels, restaurants and entertainment facilities. The guide is available for \$2.95 from Snowplaces, Bombardier Corporation, P.O. Box 6106, Duluth, Minnesota 55806.

Plenty of Dummies in Fort Mitchell — Dummies dating back to the 1860s are on display at the Vent Haven Ventriloquist Museum in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. This world's largest collection of ventriloquial materials includes a display of Edgar Bergen figures and photos; the complete collection of memorabilia of the Great Lester, father of American ventriloquism; figures, films, tapes, dialogs, books, playbills from 20 countries; plus a pictorial history of ventriloquism. Call (606) 341-0461 to arrange for a free guided tour.

Train Tours Through Mexico — For an average daily cost of about \$60, you can take a two-week train tour of Mexico with departures from either Los Angeles or El Paso. The fee includes Pullman accommodations, some meals off the train, escorts and tours at various stops. Write Ralph Peck Associates, P.O. Drawer 72, Whittier, California 90608.

Looking for a Distinguished Resort? — You shouldn't have any problem finding the right one in the 40-page *Digest of Distinguished Resorts* describing 39 luxury resorts in the United States as well as Bermuda, Mexico, Brazil, Canada, the Caribbean, Greece, Portugal and Japan. The resorts offer 621 holes of golf, 280 tennis courts, 17 beaches, 89 swimming pools and several ski slopes. For a complimentary copy, write Robert F. Warner, Inc., 711 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

The Who's Who for Wilderness Excursions — *Adventure Travel (North America)* by Pat Dickerman is a veritable who's who in the world of wilderness excursions. The information-packed source book, with details on how to hook up with outfitters who offer thousands of guided trips throughout North America, is available for \$6.95 postpaid from Adventure Guides, 36 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022. □

by Edna Patterson Lewis

illustrations by Robert Boston



CALENDAR SURGERY

In 1752,
New Year's Day was March 25
and George Washington slept
from September 2 to 14

ONCE UPON a time there was a year with only 271 days — a year when George Washington slept from September 2 to 14. It was a year with no January or February, and only six days in March. It was 1752 — when calendar surgery in England and America reached its zenith.

Although painful complications followed, the operation of 1752 was necessary to correct an error that had begun in 46 B.C., when Julius Caesar ordered a new calendar put into use.

It was the length of the solar year that created the problem. It takes the earth almost $365\frac{1}{4}$ days to complete a revolution around the sun — a period of time that cannot be evenly divided into either days or months. Since it is difficult to put one-fourth, one half or three-fourths of a day on a calendar, Julius Caesar added a day every four years, during leap year. However,

his arithmetic was too much by an average of 11 minutes and 14 seconds each year, or a day every 128 years.

By the time 16 centuries had passed, there was a noticeable discrepancy between the calendar year and the solar year. The calendar was no longer synchronized with the seasons. For instance, in 1582 the spring equinox occurred on March 11. Pope Gregory XIII was particularly concerned because Easter, whose date is determined by the spring equinox, was arriving too early.

This was cause for concern since the discrepancy would worsen with time. To synchronize the calendar with the seasons required drastic action. March 21 was selected as the logical date for the spring equinox. To make it fall there, 10 days of a year had to be omitted.



This was done in October 1582: Thursday, October 4, was followed by Friday, October 15, making a month of only 21 days and an abbreviated year. The new Gregorian calendar also established January 1 as the beginning of the year because until then the date of the New Year had been optional. Many countries had begun the year on March 25; others had used Christmas or Easter.

The new calendar was immediately adopted by the Roman Catholic countries of Europe — Spain, Portugal, Italy, France and Poland — but not by the Protestant nations, because any adjustment suggested by the Pope was suspect. The turbulence and riots that resulted from dropping so many

days from the calendar made the Protestant leaders even less inclined to follow suit. The times rivaled Julius Caesar's "year of confusion," when a year of 445 days had been necessary before the Julian calendar could be put into effect.

The turmoil did not end in 1582, however. England, undaunted by the prospect of becoming a "time island," did not make the change for nearly 200 years. By the time the new calendar was adopted in the British Isles and in the American colonies, the Julian calendar had accumulated another day. This time 11 days had to be omitted.

Surgery was scheduled for Wednesday, September 2, 1752. The

next day was Thursday, September 14. Benjamin Franklin thought it would be an indulgence to sleep from the second to the 14th, and because of the eliminated days, business and household expenses would appear lighter.

Apparently the opposite was true. There were quarrels between landlord and tenant; disagreements between employer and employee. Who should pay for the missing days? Borrowers were unhappy. Did they owe a full year's interest? Lenders were displeased, fearing they would be unable to collect. If it had been necessary to file income tax returns that year, the nation might never have recovered.

The fate of January and February and the first 24 days of March was not as severe as that of October; they were assigned to 1753. Like England, the American colonies had begun the year on March 25. Changing the date of New Year's Day to January 1 left 1752 with only a vestige of March, and with no January or February at all.

Because some people refused to accept the new calendar and continued to use the old one, it was necessary to append O.S. (old style) to a date to distinguish it from N.S. (new style of the Gregorian calendar). George Washington's birthdate could be February 11, 1731, O.S., or February 22, 1732, N.S. — or even February 11/22, 1731/2.

A century later the operation had to be repeated in Alaska. When the Alaskan Territory was purchased in

1867, Russia was still using the Julian calendar. The treaty was signed March 18, 1867, O.S., March 30, 1867, N.S., or March 18/30, 1867 — and for Alaskans 1867 was a short year.

Since then calendar surgery has been less severe, but has not been abandoned. In 1939, Thanksgiving Day was moved forward one week to allow more time for Christmas shopping, but it soon became apparent that people still resented even minor alterations of the calendar. Some people accepted the change while others persisted in celebrating the "real" Thanksgiving. The government was accused of meddling in areas not its proper concern. The result was general confusion and two Thanksgiving Days each year. It took a joint resolution of Congress to settle the matter. In December 1941, the fourth Thursday in November was established as Thanksgiving Day.

Since then some minor holidays have been shifted to Monday to allow a long weekend, but no one has dared to apply a scalpel to Christmas or Independence Day. And Labor Day and Easter already have special positions in the week.

Daylight Saving Time is another type of calendar surgery based on the theory that amputating an hour from one month and grafting it to another month puts the daylight hours to better use. This operation occasionally creates difficulties, but nothing compared to the upheavals that followed some of the surgery of the past. □

Wyoming's Determined Tree

by Helen Edison

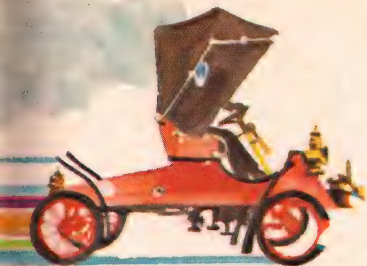
illustration by
Robert Boston



ONE OF AMERICA'S best-loved trees is a scraggly piñon pine on Sherman Hill between Cheyenne and Laramie in the southeast corner of Wyoming.

Probably because its odds for survival matched their own, westward-pushing emigrants no doubt paused to admire the tree when it was only a fragile seedling. It was miracle enough that it survived in the arid plains, but *this* little pine thrust its new life up through a solid granite outcropping!

By the time the Union Pacific Railroad established Cheyenne and Laramie in 1867 and began constructing its line through the Laramie



Mountains, the fledgling tree was so well loved that the builders veered the railroad's course to avoid destroying it. It became a daily nonscheduled stop when the trains began running, so the engineers could contribute buckets of water to its survival.

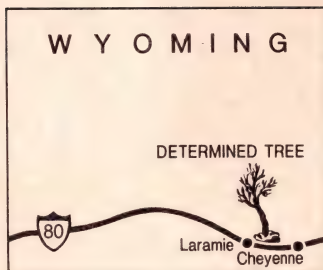
In its more than a century of life, the hardy little tree has come to symbolize America's determination and history. It has witnessed the demise of

the buffalo and watched wave upon wave of long-horned cattle driven from Texas to the tune of "Git along little dogie, for you know Wyoming will be your new home," and the cowboy's way of life from his "gittin' up hollers" to his range wars with the "nesters" and sheep men — and the crucial intervention of federal troops.

There were the bitter winters of the mid-1880s that decimated stock and forced cattle and sheep men to come to terms with each other, with the permanent settlers and with the land for working out new ways of stock raising and farming.

Then Lincoln Highway (now Interstate 80) was built very close to the venerable tree — parallel to the railroad that it complemented. First only a few horseless carriages passed. Through the years that followed, however, a steady day-and-night parade of motor vehicles began to flow past, many on coast-to-coast trips.

Despite the rush of traffic today, there are always some admirers who pull off busy I-80 to pay respects to the determined little pine tree that is Wyoming and America's pride. □



The **BAKED BEAN** *Supper*

by David Jonas

**This author says the bean returns in flavor only what
the cook invests in time and love**

THE BAKED BEAN is less popular in New England these days. I guess with fast food stands scattered around the countryside and the more hectic pace of life in general, fewer people have time to attend the 24-hour ritual of converting the hard bean into this plump, spicy, and fragrant dish.

In bygone days, the beans were spread onto the kitchen table for picking on Friday evening. It was a natural and satisfying end to the week. Picking was a short stint of boring work, for each bean had to be checked to see if it would properly absorb the spices, molasses, and fatback that made the baked bean special. Yet picking also made the final product tangible. Nowadays, there is little relation between the chicken and the boxed egg, or the cow and the carton of milk — but spending some time rolling one's finger over the countless

number of beans gave one the sense that there was a continuity from what was raised to what was eaten. It also gave one time to reflect upon the week's events and to look forward, with anticipation, to the meal of hot baked beans only a day away.

The bean pot was a cherished family possession. For not only did it have the sentimental value of any old object that has been handled lovingly for many years, it was also an essential ingredient of the baked bean supper. The bean pot, to produce a great batch of beans, had to be seasoned over many years so that the pores would fill with the flavorful remnants of past meals and the pot would impart its own flavor to the beans. A brand new crock lent the taste of pottery to the beans, but a family bean pot, passed down from generation to generation, produced a bean that held

within it all the taste and memories of the thousands of bakings before it. It could properly be said that a bean pot, given to a family for the birth of a daughter, would finally be ready to make some decent baked beans by the time of her wedding.

When the Puritans first arrived in America, they were ill-prepared psychologically to change their ways and adapt to their new homeland. The food was very different from England's, with the Indians eating such strange vegetables as maize, sweet potato and pumpkin, and the Pilgrims'

reluctance to accept these foods nearly cost them their lives. The haricot bean, however, which was native to America and technically as strange as the pumpkin, was readily consumed by the newcomers because it superficially resembled the broad bean of Europe. A botanist could have testified that these "beans" were two completely different vegetables, but the Pilgrims would not have cared. They had found, in a foreign land, a "European" food.

The French, when coming across the *Phaseolus vulgaris*, quickly recog-

illustrations by Linda Boston





nized the bean's superior characteristics and imported it back to the mother country where it became known as the French bean, clearly a misnomer. Meanwhile, the Indians were showing the Pilgrims how to bake their beans in pits with native maple syrup and bear fat, and while the Pilgrims didn't like the idea of mixing their only familiar legume with such substances, they could not deny the good taste of the result.

When Boston became prosperous enough to import molasses, the citizenry began baking their beans in molasses and salt port and thus invented the Boston baked bean. The Vermont-er, more accepting of native foods

and not as prosperous, stuck with maple syrup, and Vermont baked beans, even today, include maple syrup in their list of ingredients.

Boston became so fond of baked beans that the town was nicknamed Beantown. On Saturday mornings, the populace would hang their ready-to-bake bean pots out in front of their homes and a baker would come along and pick them up. Later that afternoon, the Boston citizenry would have hot potfuls of baked beans with fresh Boston brown bread on top. The bread, like the beans, was a direct descendant of Indian cuisine, for in it was the distinctly American grain, cornmeal, and the bread was steamed, rather than baked, as the Indians had done for centuries.

Tradition-loving and knowledgeable families still pick their beans over on Friday nights to reduce the cooking time the next day. The Puritans, who took their religion more literally than we do today, had an additional reason: Their day of rest meant complete freedom from labor, and cooking, as any Puritan wife could have told you, was plenty of work. To complicate matters, the Puritan sabbath began at Saturday's sunset, thereby excluding much of the time that could have been spent preparing Sunday's meals.

The bean proved to be an ideal solution. If picked and soaked on Friday night, the beans could be baking by Saturday morning, and without further effort, would be ready for the evening meal. More importantly, the

heat-retaining qualities of the oven could keep the beans hot for Sunday breakfast, and the lunch beans would perhaps be cool but still edible. Families today would be bored at the thought of eating three consecutive meals of their own baked beans, no matter how good, but for the Puritans, the baked beans fed their bodies admirably while leaving their souls undisturbed.

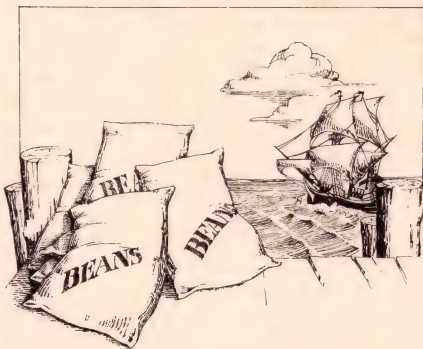
There was good common sense in the Yankee's friendship with the bean. The bean grew well in the soil, for America was its home. The bean was easily stored and dried, an important consideration in a region where food could be grown less than half the year. The bean was nutritious and exceptionally high in vegetable protein. And the bean was portable. While this last advantage may not have been important to the farmer who scratched out his existence in New England's rocky and inhospitable soil, it was important to the men of colossal strength and dimension who chopped and bucked cords of wood deep in the dark pine forests of Maine, and the Yankee sailors who navigated the globe in clipper and whaling ships in search of trade and sperm oil. Beans were their sustenance, and much of the prosperity of old-time New England was a product of Yankee ingenuity, hard work and baked beans.

Baking beans is one of the few forms of American cooking that have resisted the modern pace of American life. This is due to the bean's character. I have read of fast cook methods,

including hot soaks and harsh boilings, and even microwave beans, but I know that beans will give back in flavor only what the cook invests in time and love. The bean is a patient and reserved fellow who likes to acquaint himself with his sauce before accepting it into his heart, and no amount of coaxing or coddling will force a bean to drink up the syrup faster than he naturally wants to. At the first sign of rushing, the bean breaks down into a mushy glop characteristic of baby food. I am glad.

Too much of our lives is spent getting things over with — whether it is appointments, or work, or meals. The baked bean supper can't be prepared that way — the chef must enjoy the preparation for what it is; savoring the aroma of beans baking, with a tantalizing fragrance of hot molasses coming from the oven.

When the beans are done, you will know why the baked bean has been bubbling away in New England's crocks for more than 250 years. □





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



GOURMET HOUSE MANDAN, NORTH DAKOTA

Consistently excellent food served in pleasant surroundings is the aim of Robert and Eileen Clifford, the owners. The rooms are decorated with paintings. Lunch and dinner are served daily except Sundays and holidays. Take Exit 34 from I-94. The address is 4614 Memorial Highway, directly west of the Memorial Bridge.

Southern Pecan Pie

- ¼ pound butter
- ¾ cup brown sugar
- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1½ cups whole pecan halves

- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, blend well, then stir in syrup, pecans, salt and vanilla. Turn into 9-inch pastry-lined pan. Bake at 450° for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° and bake about 30 minutes longer, until inserted knife comes out clean. Garnish with additional pecan halves and serve with whipped cream if desired.

Blue Cheese Dressing

Whip 1 pint fresh cream, then stir in 10 ounces crumbled blue cheese, ¼ cup chopped chives, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco sauce, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Chill well. Makes 2 pints.

BARROWS HOUSE DORSET, VERMONT

"Our door is always open to anyone seeking the relaxed life of rural, Colonial New England," is the way Innkeepers Marilyn and Charles Schubert describe their year-round resort in this picturesque 18th century town. Activities include golf, tennis, skiing, horseback riding and swimming (heated pools). Good fishing and hunting areas are nearby. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served daily except during the first two weeks in November when the inn is closed. It is on State Highway 30 north of Manchester.

French Fried Mushrooms

Wash but do not dry 30 large mushrooms. Dredge with ½ cup flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Beat 2 eggs with 1 teaspoon water and 1 teaspoon

cooking oil. Dip mushrooms in mixture then roll in ½ cup very fine bread crumbs. Refrigerate until ready to use. Fry in deep fat at 375° until golden brown. Drain and serve with tartar sauce.

Tartar Sauce

Combine 1½ cups mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped capers, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard, ½ teaspoon finely chopped tarragon, 1 finely chopped hard cooked egg, 8 finely chopped anchovy filets and lemon juice to taste.

Celery and Cabbage Au Gratin

Put 4 cups coarsely shredded cabbage, 3 cups coarsely chopped celery, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds in salted water to cover, boil for 5 minutes. Drain and turn into 2 quart casserole. Make cream sauce of 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese, ½ teaspoon salt and pinch of white pepper. Pour over cabbage and bake at 350° for 30 minutes or until cabbage is tender. Serves 4 to 6.



MILANO CLUB

LIMA, OHIO

Rated by many as northwestern Ohio's most popular restaurant and bar, this club specializes in Italian, Chinese and Continental cuisine. The hosts are Joseph and Dominic Guagenti. Whether it is an intimate dinner for two or a banquet for 450 people, this club has facilities: The Tiki Room with dance floor (nightly entertainment), Open Charcoal Pit and Sirloin Room, sunken cocktail lounge, formal Continental Room and five banquet rooms. It is open every day except Sunday for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Private parties may be arranged for Sundays. It is at 415 West Market Street, across the street from the Lima Travelodge and four blocks west of City Square.

Breaded Veal Sicilian

- 4 veal cutlets, sliced thin (3 ounces each)
- 4 ounces very fine bread crumbs
- 1 ounce grated Romano cheese
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup finely chopped parsley
- 3 garlic cloves, minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs
- Olive oil
- 3 ounces Sauterne wine
- Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon

Flatten cutlets and set aside. Mix crumbs, cheese, parsley, garlic, salt and pepper. Beat eggs until frothy. Dip cutlets into egg, then roll in breading. Coat large skillet with oil, heat, then add veal and cook on both sides until golden brown. Remove meat, wipe excess oil from skillet, then return meat to pan. Add wine and lemon juice. Simmer 3 minutes. Remove to serving dish and garnish with lemon wedges and capers. Serves 2.

STEAMBOAT WAREHOUSE

WASHINGTON, LOUISIANA

Teeming with the influence of Acadian culture, this restaurant is a restoration on the site of the last steamboat warehouse, circa 1830, at Bayou Courtableu. The town is in the National Register of Historic Places. The restaurant recently won first place in the national competition of a Business for Beauty Program for its owner, Jack Womack. Specializing in the marine dishes of the bayou country, the colorful menus also feature other Southern items. Open for dinner every day except Sunday and Monday. It is on Main Street north of U.S. 167.

Crayfish Étouffée

- 1 pound crayfish tails (shrimp or prawns may be used)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ stick butter
- 2 small onions, chopped
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped bell pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 7 ounces beer
- Salt and pepper
- 2 cups cooked rice

Sauté crayfish in butter about 5 minutes until firm but not brown. Add bell pepper, onion, celery and garlic. Cook gently until vegetables are wilted. Add beer, salt and pepper to taste. (Use cayenne pepper if you want Louisiana style.) Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Serve over hot, cooked rice. Serves 3 to 4.

Call Him Indestructible

by Joseph Stocker

illustrations by Arthur Barbour

ENVIRONMENTALISTS have a saying that when most species are gone from the earth, among the survivors will be these four: man, the sparrow, the pigeon — and the coyote.

Consider, for openers, that the coyote has trebled and even quadrupled his range since North America was colonized. It is one of the most extraordinary range extensions of any wilderness creature anywhere. Encroaching civilization has all but eradicated the wolf (except in arctic areas) and the grizzly. But the durable, adaptable plains dog has spread from the West and Southwest into the Deep South, across the Midwest to the Atlantic coast and even into New England.

He coexists with man in the big cities. His mournful mezzosoprano howl can be heard from the Hollywood hills, and at night he wanders down to drink from Brentwood swimming pools. A female of the species had her pups beneath the big screen of a Los Angeles drive-in theater. Rick Golightly, a zoologist investigating coyotes at Arizona State University, in the burgeoning Phoenix metropolitan area, says a coyote was killed in

front of an ASU dormitory. And coyotes have been spotted as close as 75 miles to New York City.

"There are coyote populations in every major metropolis in the West today," says Donald Balser of the Denver Wildlife Research Center. If this requires an explanation, it might be forthcoming from Lila Brooks, a Los Angeles conservationist. "The coyote is in our backyard," she says. "We are in his."

A significant key to the seeming indestructibility of this little prairie "song dog" must certainly be the simple fact that he has a very large supply of smarts. "I've never worked with an animal more intelligent than the coyote," says Golightly.

Where heavily hunted, he becomes trapwise, uncovering traps to get the bait without being caught. He runs just below the crest of a ridge so as not to present a target. In the North Woods, coyotes have been seen to follow elk, using them as game-flushers. They even follow snowplows. The elk or snowplow stirs a succulent field mouse out of hiding and the coyote has his lunch.

Coyote lore is replete with accounts of the wily creatures hunting in teams. One waits in ambush while a second chases a rabbit past his hiding place. And the two then divide up the luckless prey. H. T. Gier of Kansas State University says they gang up on woodchucks the same way. One hides while another strolls past a woodchuck sitting near his hole. When the chuck dives for safety, the second coy-

COYOTE



ote dashes up and crouches near the hole. Presently the chuck peeks out and sees the first coyote walking away. He emerges, confident that the coast is clear, and is pounced on by the second coyote.

The stamina of the coyote is as legendary as his intelligence. He can cover 200 miles in a single day in his quest for food. He swims, leaps, burrows and has been clocked at speeds up to 55 miles per hour. The beloved Texas naturalist J. Frank Dobie told in his book *The Voice of the Coyote* of a coyote that climbed a six-foot picket fence four times, killing sheep each time, and another scaling an eight-foot net wire fence with an apron on the ground. "... his only way of entering had to be by climbing, and he

climbed out as well as in," recounted Dobie admiringly.

The coyote is an undistinguished-looking critter, weighing about 30 pounds, his coat characteristically grayish or tawny, tipped with rust, made to order for camouflage. His howl is an eerie, unearthly sound, ending in a series of machine-gun-like yips. The naturalist Francois Leydet calls it the "quintessential voice of the desert."

Why do coyotes howl? Some authorities say they may be communicating with each other, warning of danger, calling for help, telling of prey to be had nearby. Or perhaps, speculated one person knowledgeable about the species, they "howl for the same reason a barbershop quartet sings —



they just like the sound."

"If chambers of commerce in Western states that strive for tourist money had imagination," wrote Dobie, "they would arrange hearing places for those who would like to hear coyote voices, just as the national parks provide visible bears . . . For me, only the fluting cry of low-flying sandhill cranes in the misty dusk of a winter evening so expresses the wild, the free and the limitless. If I could, I would go to bed every night with coyote voices in my ears and with them greet the gray light of dawn."

Sad to say, not everybody finds the coyote quite so enchanting. Sheepraisers, almost to a man, regard him with approximately the same affection that they accord manufacturers

of synthetics, and they wistfully contemplate a world from which the coyote has been eradicated. Their sentiments are nicely summed up in a bumper sticker seen not long ago in a Western sheep state: EAT AMERICAN LAMB. 10 MILLION COYOTES CAN'T BE WRONG!

Until 1972 the sheepmen used poisons to cope with their pointynosed nemesis. Then, at the behest of ecologists who said the poisoned bait was killing things not intended for killing, like family pets and bald eagles, the federal government placed a ban on poisons. The sheepmen were in a tizzy. "The best control we ever had was poison," grumbled a South Dakota rancher, "and those misguided people in the East had the gall to de-





prive us of it. We don't think they should tell us how to run our business. Balance of nature? To hell with that."

The angry sheepmen demanded a lifting of the ban, glumly predicting that if this were not done, wildly proliferating coyotes would leave us a woolless, lambchopless society. In 1974 the ban was modified slightly. But, for the most part, coyote control today is carried out with trapping and shooting from fixed-wing aircraft.

And the controversy rages on. Sheepmen say coyotes killed 800,000 lambs the year after the poison ban

went on and that their industry is in peril. Conservationists say the loss figure is grossly inflated. If the sheep business is threatened, they say, it is not because of predators but because of a diminution of the market. "The demand is down on both wool and mutton," says Bill Bishop, a New Mexico environmentalist. "That's what's killing the industry, not the coyotes." Even so, the rising cost and growing scarcity of fossil fuels used in synthetic fabrics is expected to reverse this trend.

The ecologists have persuasive fig-

ures to bolster their case. They cite a National Audubon Society report that the total number of sheep in the United States was declining about five per cent per year for more than 10 years before the 1972 poison ban. After the ban, according to the Audubon statistics, the decline continued but at no significant rate of increase.

In any case, say the coyote experts (although sheepmen disagree), as few as five per cent and no more than 50 per cent of coyotes are sheep-killers. Some find sheep odor repugnant or haven't developed a fancy for mutton or lamb. Golightly says a few "rogue" coyotes will kill livestock, but all coyotes get blamed. "You hear of trappers who trap and trap, but the livestock kill continues," he says. "Then they trap one particular coyote and the killing stops."

Dagmar Sommer, the assistant curator of large animals for the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum at Tucson, tells of a recent study of 200 coyotes that had been killed. "Their stomachs were examined," she reports, "and not one piece of livestock was found. It was all natural prey."

Cattlemen, historically at odds with sheepmen because the two types of livestock contend for the same range, are at odds with them again on the issue of coyotes. Cattlemen like coyotes. That's because the "song dogs" eat rodents (rabbits, ground squirrels, woodchucks, etc.) that eat the grass that sustains cattle.

Golightly confirms the cowmen's point of view with a tale of what hap-

pened in the San Joaquin Valley of California when farmers became upset over coyotes killing livestock and chickens. They went all-out to kill the coyotes. Result: The following spring there was an explosion of the rodent population. The range was badly damaged, and, says Golightly, "You'd drive down the road and even if you weren't going too fast, you'd skid on rodent carcasses."

The presence of the coyote on the wilderness scene thus has given rise to one of the more interesting love-hate relationships. But through all the fire and brimstone of disputation, the little plains dog goes his nondescript way. He is tough. He adapts. He will prevail. As Francois Leydet puts it in his wonderful book, *The Coyote*: "I for one rejoice in his apparent invincibility. We need him in the same way that we need the tides, and the seasons and, yes, even such awesome manifestations of Nature's untamed power as earthquakes and hurricanes and volcanic eruptions. We need all of these as reminders that Man is not God!" □





No Reluctance Here

As a reading teacher, I would like to express my appreciation for *Ford Times*. I am always searching for sto-

ries just a little different that will appeal to my students. In the August issue, for example, a number of 9th grade boys were fascinated with "It's an Electronic Age — in Your Car," and girls and boys both were fascinated with "What to Do About Gentle Dobe." Your stories are just the right length for the reluctant readers I deal with.

Patricia L. Gaetjens
Perrine, Florida

A Deer Choice

In North Dakota, even the deer prefer



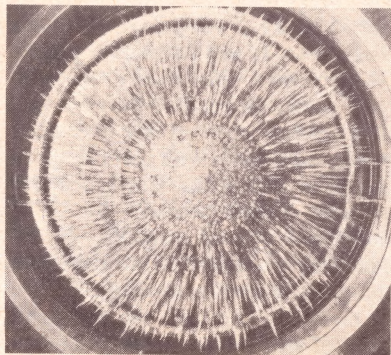
Fords! When the snow makes it difficult to find food, a small herd of white tail deer occasionally come out of a nearby woods and feed on the haystacks at our farm. To get this picture from our house window, I put some oats on the ground and in the back of our pickup. These three weren't the least bit shy about jumping into the truck. Maybe they wanted a ride, too.

John Somerville
Hamar, North Dakota

Custom Wheel Covers by Mother Nature

Recently when our firm's Ford wagon returned from a short trip, I was called to observe the wheel covers. The temperature that day was around 32 degrees and it was misting rain. This picture shows the unusual work of art that nature had created as our Ford wagon cruised along the highway.

G. Allen Anderson
Rocky Mount, Virginia



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